



PROMETHEUS

*He gave man speech, And speech created thought,
Which is the measure of the universe.*

Volume III Issue 5

Greenfield Community College

May 1965 — June 1965

Honors Convivium Held At Gables

Seventeen G. C. C. students were honored for academic achievement at the annual Honors Convivium held at The Gables Restaurant.

Speakers at the event were: Mrs. Grace L. Meyers, Chairman of the G. C. C. Advisory Board; President Turner; and Dr. Ralph Pippert, assistant dean of education at U.M. Dr. Pippert, the guest speaker, discussed the importance of being

independent in making decisions.

Honored members of the Class of 1965 were: Gary Alden, Marion Bliss, Donald Devino, Mrs. Mary Guerino, David Loveland, Mrs. Margaret McAndrews, Pamela Metaxas, Ann Mileski, Sophia Rokoszak, and Judith Townsend.

Honored members of the class of 1966 were: Joseph Cahill, Mary Call, Michael Douvadjian, Joyce Garbiel, John Lessard, and Robert Sojka.

Faculty members and the Advisory Board also attended the dinner meeting.

Special Seven-Week Program Planned

A special seven-week summer program designed to prepare marginal high school graduates for college will be undertaken in June at G.C.C.

The experiment will feature intensive work in English, reading, and mathematics. It will be non-credit work and those who complete the seven-week course will be accepted in the regular term in September, and their academic performance will be evaluated through the fall.

If these students prove successful they could become enrolled in the liberal arts program and even transfer at a later date to a regular college for a degree. If they remain here they could receive an associate degree.

High school counselors will be asked to aid in screening and recruiting students suitable for the program. The tuition will be \$100.00 and includes most materials.

Students will receive complete testing before and after the course, which provides three hours of instruction daily five days a week. In addition

supervised study and individual help will be available.

The program will run from June 21 through August 10 from eight a.m. to one p.m.

This session, perhaps the only one of its kind in the country will be for 30 or 40 students who would otherwise be rejected at G.C.C.

This program is designed to help students who may fall into a number of categories: those with low marks in high school, those who may have decided too late to go to college, vocational students, and others who need to brush up to qualify for college.

It is an experiment and the college plans to use the project for application for a research grant from the U. S. office of Education.

John Shea, a doctoral candidate at U.M. will handle the research design and testing. Instructors will be Mr. Peck, mathematics; Mr. Robert Loring of the Greenfield Junior High School, reading; and Mr. Hartley Pfiel of the Northfield Schools, English.

Who Is That Lady In The Bookstore?

Who is that lady in the bookstore? I don't know — where'd she come from? She wasn't here last semester . . .

Many of these queries must have been heard in the corridors of G.C.C. this semester. The lady in the bookstore is Mrs. Mary Loring, housewife and mother of three, now living in Greenfield and working part-time at G.C.C.

This semester Mr. DeMasi decided that a regular employee was needed to run the bookstore. Mrs. Loring was looking for a job. She had just recently moved from Dalton where she had worked for two years on a weekly newspaper.

Mrs. Loring has lived many other places, for she was born in South Africa and went to high school there. She has traveled in many countries in Europe, and went to college in the South.

Mrs. Loring enjoys her job and finds the work interesting. It is the first time that she has ever done this type of work, but she has discovered rapidly the many problems of running a bookstore. One thing she mentioned was, "It's a gamble to know what to get in, other than required texts." In other words, if the extras like the decals, sweatshirts, pens, etc. do not sell, the bookstore has a financial problem. If the bookstore does not stock such extras, naturally the students come looking for them.

Mrs. Loring has had several interesting discussions with various students and amusing incidents have happened in the store. She said, "I can't say that I have actually rolled in the aisles every day, but . . .

"One day a few weeks ago, we received a special rush order from one of the teachers for books for one of his class-

(Continued on Page 4)

G.C.C. On The Rocks

"All stations go" was the first order of the day at 6:30 A.M. on April 2nd as the geology class swung into action. New York State was their destination; fossil collection and a geological study of the area, their purpose.

Nine vehicles laden with sledge hammers, chisels, collecting bags, magic markers, plenty of food and many bodies still under the hypnosis of sleep, headed toward New York State.

Before 9:30 A.M. most of the troops had converged at the rendez-vous point, a restaurant near the Hudson River on the New York Thruway. The first official stop was at Clarksville and the New Scotland beds, which, incidentally, were covered with two inches of snow.

After a brief orientation, excavation was begun. Immediately the quiet countryside was transformed into a mass of flying rock. The altitude of the landscape was reduced considerably in less than fifteen minutes. The fossils which had been laid to rest some 350 million years ago were abruptly exhumed to the accompaniment of excited exclamations. At each of the six stops the procedure was the same except for the rising tempo of exuberance and excitement.

Between 300 and 350 million years ago, what geologists call the Devonian period, epirogenic or warm, shallow seas covered New York State. A few simple forms of life, such as Brachiopods (similar to present day oysters or scallop shells), corals, razor clams, and common clams, inhabited these areas. When these organisms died they either remained in the mud or sand, or were buried by underwater sedimentation. When the seas withdrew, the mud and sand



Guest Cartoonist: Mrs. David Buell

CHARGE !!!

dried up and after millions of years additional sediment from nearby mountains settled on top of the old sea bottom compressing it into the familiar sedimentary rock called shale, in which the impression of the early life remained. Today, when one peels away layers of the shale, he finds the perfect imprint or cast of the sea life now considered fossils.

Trilobites, resembling our modern horseshoe crab, but much smaller, were considered prize discoveries but only two were uncovered: one by Bill Shores, the other by Nancy Reed.

After the field trip ended, four cars of undaunted converts continued on to the Honda to collect quartz crystals,

(Continued on Page 3)

Faculty Members Attend Conferences

Mrs. Charlotte Schrifftgiesser, R.N., was among more than 130 professional nurses from 49 states who participated recently in a national membership conference sponsored by the American Nurses' Association in St. Louis, Mo.

Conducted for nurses responsible for membership in their state and district associations, the program was designed to supply participants with information on ANA goals, programs and materials, and to give them an opportunity to exchange information and ideas on successful involvement of nurses in their professional association.

Featured speakers at the conference were Dr. John A.

Stern, professor and head of Medical Psychology, Washington University, St. Louis; Mr. Paul L. Myhre, assistant professor, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.; Jo Eleanor Elliot, R.N., of Boulder, Colorado, president of the American Nurses Association; and Mrs. Judith G. Whittaker, R.N., of New York City, executive director of the American Nurses' Association.

Mrs. Rafael Guiu, librarian of the Greenfield Community College, recently attended a conference of junior college librarians in Philadelphia. She also attended the Governor's Dinner for Librarians in Boston. Representative Silvio O. Conte was the main speaker at this conference.

G.C.C. To Graduate Sixty On June 2nd

Greenfield Community College will confer associate degrees upon the members of its second graduating class on Wednesday, June 2, at 8 P.M. in Greenfield High School Auditorium. Dean Dermot Morrissey of Brandeis University and Chairman of the Massachusetts Regional Community Colleges will be the commencement speaker.

The Class of 1965 consists of sixty members who have participated in either the General Studies, University-parallel, Business and Management, Executive-Secretarial, or Nursing programs. Some will commence their vocations. Others will further their education at four-year colleges.

Christopher White

EDITORIAL

The Civil Rights Problem-- A Moral Wrong

What has happened to the true purpose of the Civil Rights struggle? Originally it was begun to restore to the Negro population their civil and human rights as citizens of the United States, but now it has become so tangled with terminology and rioting that it is sometimes difficult to see through the bomb smoke and the arrests.

Major claims in the South are that there is altogether too much interference from Northerners who journey to the South to work for the movement. These adamant segregationists believe that in time the problem will take care of itself and that most Negroes know their proper places and will stay there. Accusations have been made against the North for instigating demonstrations and riots. Proof offered is the fact that before white integrationists came to the South, the Negroes had not been as discontented with their position as they are now. They further state that the Negro, if given the chance to prove himself a responsible citizen, would, in the majority of cases turn down the offer, for "the Negro is basically lazy." Most Southerners accept this as a proven fact, when it is but a myth. To assure that the entire problem has been clarified for our erring Northerner or foreigner, any possibility of interracial marriages is introduced.

But, on the other hand, the typical Northerner who is said to have "hardly any racial problems," approaches the situation almost too cautiously. Some, of course, are apathetic

or completely ignorant of the situation. Others, however, such as our Civil Rights Workers feel a deep sympathy for the Negro population and are striving to work peacefully for the movement in various capacities. It is a falsity to say that the Northerner or even the Southern Civil Rights workers nurture the hope of accomplishing a great social change in the South, for it cannot be done overnight.

There are some Northerners who look upon the South as being stubborn and guilty of grave, irrevocable injustices. They feel impelled to involve themselves, whatever the consequences. Neither can this attitude be tolerated for a civil rights worker should not throw his life away so recklessly.

Arguments on both sides are strong and both may be theoretically logical, just as each may have good points. This is where the words like segregation, desegregation, sit-downs, boycotts, peaceful negotiation and violent demonstrations appear. Really, all these various interactions may be expressed in such a few words that it is almost ludicrous. Dr. Martin Luther King recently said that we must stop meddling with words and pull segregation up by the roots. In the end, we must take this action, not because it would improve our image abroad, not because it may be the logical solution proposed, but because segregation and denying any man his basic human rights is a moral wrong. In three words, this is the Civil Rights problem — a moral wrong.

Pamela Metaxas

Bravos At The Met

The faded carpets cushioned eager feet; the bells sounded; the seats quickly filled; the house lights dimmed; the somber tones of the Overture rose from the pit. Slowly, on a dark and dusky stage the curtain ascended to unfold the drama of Wagner's *Der Fliegende Holländer* (The Flying Dutchman).

Though the performance was engrossing, the singing good and the special effects fascinating, the overwhelming presence of children at the matinee caused considerable distraction. Talking, jumping up and down and hurling paper missiles from the balcony was irreverent, almost sacrilegious at the Old Met.

Despite these unhappy overtones, however, the trip was enjoyable for most of the students in Fine Arts B. The story of the opera concerned the old legend of the Dutchman and his crew condemned thru a curse to roam the seas forever, until a selfless woman would consent to give her life in love for him. Of the principal performers the American girl singing the role of Senta, who falls in love with the Dutchman, was easily the best. She received considerable applause as well as bravos from the Dress Circle.

During intermission, wand-

ering among the noisy crowds of precocious youngsters, I gazed at the great mirrors in the lobby, the still-plush carpets, the ornate gilt work and the delicate chandeliers. The noise faded to a dull drone and it almost seemed to me that I could hear echoes of truly unforgettable moments in the long history of the Metropolitan Opera: the thrilling voices of Lilli Lehmann, Melba, Schumann-Heink, Kirsten Flagstad, Enrico Caruso, Chaliapin, Ezio Pinza, Lily Pons, Melchior, Helen Traubel, and Eileen Farrell, Rise Stevens, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Joan Sutherland, Birgit Nilsson and Marian Anderson. The strains of *Carmen*, *Aida*, *Turandot*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Parcifal*, *Madame Butterfly*, *Falstaff* and *Rigoletto* resounded within these walls. And somehow it seemed a sad hour to have the incomparable music of our heritage played in one of the grand opera houses of the world, received by so many insensitive ears.

Perhaps you will think it naive, but I came away from my trip to the Met with a strange feeling of nostalgia. It was a long time after that before I could bear to switch on the radio to "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious."

Dorothy Parrott



Quote . . . Unquote

A man will say: "This is my work," and we see the process of routine and toil, the slow, laborious day-by-day activity which provides him with the sustenance of life. But if he says: "These are my works," with what a different signification the words fall. He may be pointing at a collection of books upon the shelves, or at paintings in a studio; but whatever it is, the ardors of creation will be in it, the joys of disinterested effort and the rewards of pleasures deferred. The books or paintings may not have brought him wealth or recognition; but they exist in themselves, more solid than anything which might have come as a by-product. All of us, like Ozymandias, should be able to say of something in our lives — perhaps half jokingly of our children, or of our own modest successes in an art or handicraft — "See how my works endure!"

—August Heckscher,
The Public Happiness

An intellectual? Yes. And never deny it. An intellectual is someone whose mind watches itself. I like this, because I am happy to be both halves, the watcher and the watched.

—Albert Camus,
Notebooks

All thought is a feat of association: having what's in front of you bring up something in your mind that you almost didn't know you knew. Putting this and that together. That click.

—Robert Frost,
Writers at Work: the Paris Review Interviews.

A committee is a gathering of men who singly are able to do nothing but who together are able to conclude that nothing can be done.

—Fred Allen

The superior man understands what is right; the inferior man understands what will sell. The superior man loves his soul; the inferior man loves his property. The superior man always remembers how he was punished for his mistakes; the inferior man always remembers what presents he got.

The superior man blames himself; the inferior man blames others.

—Confucius

I am convinced that the study of the soul is the science of the future. Psychology is, so to speak, the youngest of the natural sciences and stands at the beginning of its development. It is, though, the science we need most, for it be-

(Continued on Page 4)

Book Review:

The Organization Man

by William H. Whyte, Jr.

The Organization Man by William H. Whyte, Jr. may well become a classic of sociology. Already it is required reading for sociology majors, recommended reading for any sociology student. These two statements may leave the lay reader who is familiar with the hopeless jargon of some sociologists (indeed of many specialized scientists) apprehensive. There is no need for apprehension in this case. *The Organization Man* is very readable. The language is clear and concise; the organization is superb.

William Whyte covers a prodigious amount of material in a little under 460 pages (Doubleday Anchor Edition). He not only covers it, but he explores it in depth, and comes to several provocative conclusions.

William Whyte has written a detailed study about organization men and their way of life. He has come to terms with his subject in a way in which others have not. He defines his terms first. He begins quite appropriately with a definition of the Organization Man.

They are not the workers, nor are they the white-collar people in the usual clerk sense of the word. These people only work for the Organization. The ones I am talking about belong to it as well. They are the ones of our middle class who have left home, spiritually as well as physically, to take the vows of organization life, and it is they who are the mind and soul of our great self-perpetuating institutions.

He gives a brief outline of the evolution of the Protestant Ethic into what he calls the Social Ethic. The Protestant Ethic encouraged thrift, survival of the fittest, and a self-interest which was bound to result in material and spiritual rewards. It counseled that application of hard work should eventually produce a heaven on earth. By Social Ethic Whyte means that contemporary body of thought which makes morally legitimate the pressures of society against the individual.

After he defines his terms, Whyte traces the Organization Man from his college days through his early training to his introduction into the Organization. There is a brief interlude while he discusses in turn, the battery of personality

tests our man must contend with, the organization scientist, and the implications of modern fiction. Then we arrive in suburbia. Here we meet the Organization Man's family, look at his church, school, recreation, and living habits.

Whyte's purpose in writing *The Organization Man* was to awaken people to the existence of a way of life, to set them thinking about the long-range implications of it, and to show them the necessity of resisting rather than co-operating with the Organization. He feels that America is living a contradiction. On the one hand it is supposedly the land of independence, freedom, competition, the American Dream, and the Protestant Ethic. In reality it has become the land of conformity, subtle pressures from the masses, the Organization Man, and the Social Ethic.

Whyte does not propose nonconformity for the sake of nonconformity. Nor is he particularly worried about all of us living in ranch houses with car ports. He says: *And how important really are these uniformities to the central issue of individualism? We must not let the outward forms deceive us. If individualism involves following one's destiny as one's own conscience directs, it must for most of us be a realizable destiny, and a sensible awareness of the rules of the game can be a condition of individualism as well as a constraint upon it.*

He does not, however, propose a return to the Protestant Ethic, for he says: *I write with the optimistic premise that individualism is as possible in our times as in others. I speak of individualism within organization life.*

No matter what we fancy ourselves to be, we cannot escape the Organization. *Blood brother to the business trainee off to join DuPont is the seminary student who will end up in the church hierarchy, the doctor headed for the corporate clinic, the physics Ph.D. in a government laboratory, the intellectual on the foundation-sponsored team project, the engineering graduate in the huge drafting room at Lockheed, the young apprentice in a Wall Street law factory.*

Even the scientist, whom we picture to be off pattering in

(Continued on Page 4)

PROMETHEUS

Editor Marion Bliss

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Vibroscope

—ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The Alumni Association of G.C.C. reports that it is planning a dinner-dance for alumni members and the faculty of '64, at the Stockade Restaurant on June 5. The evening will be highlighted by a guest speaker.

Membership in the Alumni Association is open to anyone who has completed one full semester at G.C.C. and who has left in good standing. The membership fee is two dollars for the first year, three dollars for the second, and five dollars for each year thereafter.

Officers of the Alumni Association are Dexter Bliss, President; James Lawlor, Vice-President; Bob Sulda, Treasurer; and Merrilyn LeVitre, Secretary.

Attending recent meetings were President Turner; Dean Johansson, Mr. Harvey; officers of the Alumni Association; Nell Harvey, Secretary of the Class of '64; and Stan Dobosz, President of the Class of '65.

—SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE

Scholarships are available for the fall semester at G.C.C. Applications may be obtained from the librarian, Mrs. Guin, between now and July 15. Funds are available for any qualified student and are awarded on the basis of financial need, personality, and scholastic standing. For Greenfield residents scholarships are available from the A. K. Warner Fund for students under 21 (applications must be filed by June 15), the Matheson Fund, and the Boscomb Fund for students under 21 (applications may be filed from June 1 to July 15).

—SCHOOL PIN DESIGNED

At this time a school pin, manufactured by the Herb Jones Company, is being offered to you by the Student Council in your choice of Sterling silver or White Glo. Pins, with or without guards, can be purchased in any one of four styles; regular pin, lapel pin, tie clasp, or charm. The Sterling silver pin sells for \$3.70, the White Glo for \$2.48, and the optional guard for \$1.38, federal tax included. All orders must be paid in advance. Pins will be shipped directly to the individual by the company. Student Council members waiting to take your orders are: Stan Dobosz, Dan LaRose, Gerry Quadrino, Jim Thompson, Marion Bliss, Chet Chapin, Gary Alden, and Paul Abbey. Don't Wait. Order Now!

—SENIOR FOOD SALE

On April 28, the senior class conducted a food sale beginning at 8:30 A.M. in front of the main office on the first floor. Among the foodstuffs were fudge, brownies, cookies, cake and pies donated by members of the senior class. Working in hour shifts, the students sold their wares to a few customers from the community and to the majority of the student body. Judging from the lack of leftovers and the profits, the senior food sale was a success.

—VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

The Commonwealth Service Corps is recruiting 435 high school and college volunteers to work this summer in statewide programs designed to fight poverty and its handicapping results.

Applicants should apply at Service Corps headquarters, 15 School St., Boston, and at regional offices: 115 State St., Springfield, and 340 Main St., Worcester.

Round And About The Diamond

Alas, spring has sprung, the grass has "riz" (more or less) and I wonder where the fellows is. (In defense of this misquote, I plead poetic license). To answer, consult the nearest encyclopedia under "o"; for, to the disappointment of many females, a young man's fancy doesn't always turn in spring toward the pursuit of the fairer sex. At G.C.C., for some of our athletic-minded colleagues, it turns to softball.

Armed with an impressive array of equipment (purchased with Student Council Funds) our peers go forth to do battle any afternoon when two prerequisites can be met: 1) the weather must be good, that is, as long as it doesn't snow, the games are played; 2) at least two players must be present. The place; well, a degree of detective work had to be done, however Lunt's Field was found

to be the most desirable field. The victim of the whole plot is naturally the loser and I hear (every morning in the Snack Bar by a reputable (?) source) that the Seniors are doing very well . . .

Heard around the diamond: One freshman from the next valley east of Greenfield has a few fans, rather young, who cheer him on. . .

Free case of beer for any grandslams — supplier anon.

One senior has a hard time playing the hot corner, perhaps a bigger glove might be in order . . .

Somebody is always looking for the equipment . . .

There's still ice in the dugouts; oh well ice skating is fun.

"So you cut one class, I cut two . . ." and before you know it the baseball season and school are both over.

Gary Alden

Required Reading For Teachers

Required summer reading list for teachers —

CLASSROOM ECONOMICS. *Percival von Magnusson.* The fascinating story of money and its uses in the classroom.

HOW TO BECOME A TEACHER WITHOUT BEING EDUCATED. *Charles Reid.* Indispensable for the academic climber — first edition, a sell-out. Beg, borrow, or steal a copy of this "how to" book. Endorsed by professors everywhere.

In three volumes: **DEWEY WAS RIGHT, DEWEY WAS WRONG, DEWEY WAS OUT OF HIS SKULL.** *James Duvall.* An impartial re-evaluation of John Dewey's work.

HOW TO GRADE PAPERS WITHOUT READING THEM. *Ralph Doolittle.* Learn why students banned this book on campus from Maine to Hawaii. Tell instantly what grade each student deserves. Use the

Mystagogue Marking System with confidence.

HOW TO BECOME HUMAN IN EIGHT SIMPLE STEPS. *Aleksandr Feodovich Goldschmidt.* Unconventional and challenging. Future developments should prove it scientifically and humanly sound.

FORTY-NINE WAYS TO PREPARE APPLES. *Miss Henrietta Hinkel.* Handsomely bound book for desk or shelf. Try the Pedagogue's Apple Strudel, Teacher's Delight, Elementary Apple Salad, and Apple Bandit with Sour Cream Sauce.

TEACHERS' PETS. *Revised edition. Dr. Suess Fox.* How to care for, feed, and domesticate students.

TESTS ARE IMMORAL. *Dr. Otto Stradonetz.* After careful examination of 2,968, 456,508, 222 tests, Dr. Stradonetz has indeed concluded that tests are immoral.

EIGHT HUNDRED STUDENTS EXPLAIN WHAT THEY HATE MOST ABOUT TEACHERS. *Edited by Dr. A. B. Rincoff.* Ten volumes of provocative reading.

HOW TO GIVE AN "A" TO EVERY STUDENT. *F. F. Finley.* Published by enterprising students at the Greenfield Community College, Greenfield, Mass. Unlimited edition. Available for the asking. Guaranteed to lift spirits at any college.

either). Praise be for a wise subconscious. In fact, I've grown quite fond of my subconscious. I know that it isn't infallible, but it will do. I trust it much more than my best friend's, "You better study." I can't really help it if his subconscious isn't as highly developed as mine is.

As you might suspect, I never would have written this article if I hadn't neglected to bring my psych book home tonight.

I was once advised that when a company proclaims its integrity or a woman her virtue it would be well to ignore the former and cultivate the latter.

—David Ogilvy



Quoth The THOG!

The THOG! suggests 22 thoggish ways to spend your summer:

1. Playing mahjogg.
2. Catching ouananiche in Canada.
3. Learning to pronounce "supercalifragilisticexpialidocious" and trying to spell it.
4. Writing dithyrambic poetry.
5. Dancing the Schottische, pas de quatre, Boston cakewalk, strathspey, tarantella, minute, saraband, and shimmy.
6. Singing a barcarole.
7. Finding out if you know any ryots.
8. Learning to say thirteen, thirteen different ways: trinajst, tredecin, kol-metoista, trzynascie, tizenhirom, tretten, treze, trece, dreizehn, treize, thirteen, tretton, and tredici.
9. Building a still.
10. Organizing an overnight geology trip to New York.
11. Learning to cook a Bouillabaisse.
12. Exploring the world of Yoga.
13. Writing literary letters.
14. Bumming rides to nowhere.
15. Making peanut brittle.
16. Writing triolets, rondeaux, villanelles, and Japanese Haiku.
17. Growing an herb garden.
18. Taking a course at G.C.C.
19. Reading *Winnie the Pooh* and *Alice in Wonderland*.
20. Entering the national soap sculpture contest.
21. Painting a self-portrait.
22. Singing "The Mad Scene" from *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

G.C.C. ON THE ROCKS—

(Continued from Page 1)

known more commonly as 'diamonds.' The eager beavers were in luck. Under two feet of snow and six inches of frozen ground they did discover a multitude of 'diamonds.'

The distance back to Greenfield was a four-hour ride, but two parties prolonged the distance and time by getting sidetracked: one headed toward New York City, the other ended up in Bennington, Vermont. Everyone did make it back eventually, still flushed with the excitement of geology in the raw.

Dave Buell

The Who Is Where?

Early last October a cry was heard echoing through the halls of our college. "The Prometheus is out!" everyone was saying. "The who is where?" I said to myself. After discovering it in the hall by the office, I decided that *Prometheus* was the college newspaper. For a while I left it at that. *Prometheus* is a newspaper. But soon it crept into my mind (and I'm sure into the minds of many other first-year students) that this title must have some significance.

This provoked me to look into this somewhat mysterious figure. I found that *Prometheus* was a hero of Greek myth-

ology. He is sometimes regarded as the Greek god of culture. Greek mythology tells the story of Prometheus in this way: Prometheus, in order to get the better of Zeus, the king of the gods, stole fire from heaven making a gift of it to mankind. For punishment, Zeus chained him to a rock where a vulture came every day to devour his liver, which grew afresh each night. Hercules, son of Zeus, killed the vulture and delivered the god from his torture.

Now when someone says "The *Prometheus* is out," I no longer wonder, I know where the who is and why.

Mary Call

Yearbook And Newspaper Editors Named

Leslie Harris has been named the 1966 editor of *Green Fields*. Leslie, a veteran, has had previous experience in the art department of his high school yearbook. His plans include the introduction of a theme to the yearbook and the improvement of the section of freshmen pictures. He is now deep in organizational efforts, choosing co-editors for four departments; photo, copy, layout, and business. Suggestions for the new yearbook from any member of the student body will be gratefully accepted and all will be seriously considered.

Anyone interested in working on the staff is asked to contact Leslie.

Carolyn Reum and James Thompson have been named Co-Editors of *Prometheus* for the '65-'66 school year. Mary Call will be Managing Editor, Jeanne Bergeron, Art Editor, and Pat French, Typing Editor.

Anyone interested in joining the *Prometheus* staff is asked to contact Carolyn Reum or James Thompson. Organizational meetings will be held this summer.

Subconscious Mind Hard At Work

I have a habit of neglecting to take the right books home at night. I suspect that this is my subconscious mind hard at work. If I am supposed to be reading *Darkness at Noon*, I lug home *The Trial*; if I am supposed to be studying geology notes, I invariably end up with my sociology notes; if I am to prepare a French lesson, the book is, quite naturally, at school. What's really frightening is when I leave the first draft of a term paper at school and have to start from scratch the night before it's due.

But I must give my subconscious mind due credit. Good grief, how could I learn to cope with emergencies and to create original study methods without my faithful subconscious at work? What better way to learn the feeling of walking into a class or exam totally unprepared?

Ah, my subconscious mind is more than clever. It foresees the days when my government class will be cancelled. It seems to know which days Mr. Peck will go off on a tangent (not a mathematical one

THE ORGANIZATION MAN—

(Continued from Page 2)

his lab quite detached from the world, has been caught in the organization net. The book immediately becomes personal. William Whyte is talking about us. A student may vow never to be caught in this net; a veteran organization man may see himself and be able to better understand his predicament; he may even vow to do something about it.

Whyte is discussing the relationship between the individual and society. He concludes that conflict between the two is inevitable. What the Social Ethic does is to make morally legitimate the pressures of society against the individual. He is adamantly opposed to this. He knows well the Organization's good points — control, motivation, socialization, and so on. He is, however, suggesting that organization can become too much of a good thing. It can literally swallow the individual. It can lull the individual to surrender. It can strip man of his creative powers.

Whyte deals extensively with belongingness, for it is an integral part of the Social Ethic. He feels that more and more people are coming to associate aloneness with some kind of mental disorder. One must be an extrovert. He must submit to the tyranny of an endless round of meetings and social gatherings and gradually he will come to feel that this is right, or so the Social Ethic goes. Whyte speaks of "the sin of privacy." In modern suburbia people are beginning to feel guilty when they attempt to find some privacy. They feel that they must be doing something with someone, even if it is just watching television.

The Organization Man is by no means a dull conglomeration of tables of facts and statistics. The entire book is interesting and informative and verges on humor in many spots. Lest you worry about Whyte's being flip, you might remember what E. B. White once wrote: . . . *humorous writing, like poetical writing, has an extra content. It plays, like an active child, close to the big hot fire which is Truth.*

Anyone who deems himself well-educated, well-read, or the

like, without having read this book, is mistaken. This is a book for every intelligent reader. Its subject — you, me, and our neighbors; which is to say, society. It is a contemporary book, an ambitious book. William Whyte is writing about more than the so-called Organization Man 1956. He is writing about a way of life, which if we are not careful, may well become the way of life.

The individual, Whyte says, *must fight the Organization. Not stupidly or selfishly, for the defects of individual self-regard are no more to be venerated than the defects of co-operation. But fight he must, for the demands for his surrender are constant and powerful, and the more he has come to like the life of organization, the more difficult does he find it to resist.*

QUOTE . . . UNQUOTE—

(Continued from Page 2)

comes increasingly evident that neither famine, nor earthquakes, nor microbes, nor cancer, but man, is the greatest danger to man, and this for the reason that we have no sufficient protection against psychic epidemics, which can work infinitely more destruction than the greatest catastrophes of nature.

— C. G. Jung

Finally, there should grow the most austere of all mental qualities; I mean the sense for style. It is an aesthetic sense, based on admiration for the direct attainment of a foreseen end, simply and without waste. Style in art, style in literature, style in science, style in logic, style in practical execution have fundamentally the same aesthetic qualities, namely, attainment and restraint . . . Style, in its finest sense, is the last requirement of an educated mind; it is also the most useful. It pervades the whole being. The administrator with a sense for style hates waste; the engineer with a sense for style economizes his

material; an artisan with a sense for style prefers good work. Style is the ultimate morality of mind.

— Alfred North Whitehead,
The Aims of Education

Every man is dangerous who only cares for one thing.

—G. K. Chesterton

It is by the goodness of God that in our country we have those three unspeakably precious things: freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and the prudence never to practice either of them.

—Mark Twain,
Pudd'nhead Wilson

Men are free when they belong to a living, organic, believing community active in fulfilling some unfulfilled, perhaps unrealized purpose. Not when they are escaping to some wild west. The most unfree souls go west and shout of freedom. Men are freest when they are most unconscious of freedom. The shout is a rattling of chains, always was.

—D. H. Lawrence,

Studies in Classic American Literature

Am I to be moved by a man who complains, "What is the use of anything?" if he himself declines to be used? Who has the right to be disappointed in the world before he has earned such right? "All my memories are bored," he protests, but is not a man responsible for his own memories? Is it enough merely to rest one's case calmly on one's presence in the world? Is it not necessary to take a firm hand in the shaping of one's own life, in order to become something more than a plant? And if a man declines to take such a hand, doesn't he forfeit the right to have the world serve him his memories with their charming sunnysides up?

—Nelson Algren,

(reviewing Jack Kerouac's latest novel, *Desolation Angels* in the New York Herald Tribune, 5/16/65)

Uses And Abuses Of The Library

Uses and Abuses of the library:

1. Library hours are from 8:15 to 9:00 p.m. on school days and 6:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.
2. Books and magazines may circulate for one week and may be renewed if not requested by another student.
3. Reserved material may be taken home overnight if not restricted.
4. Students should be quiet in the library to allow others to study. If not quiet, students may be restricted from using the library for one week.
5. All books, catalogues, and magazines must be checked in and out by the librarian or her assistants.
6. Records may be used by the Fine Arts class and must be checked in and out.
7. Four newspapers and 86 periodicals are available for use.
8. School catalogs should be replaced alphabetically.
9. A card catalogue lists all books by author, subject, and title.
10. The Dewey Decimal system is used.
11. All books must be returned to the library by May 28 at the latest.

Charlotte McCobb

LADY IN THE BOOKSTORE—

(Continued from Page 1)

es; every day students came in looking for the books. Now that they're here, we've only sold three. Frankly I wonder how they are getting along in class without these books!"

Although this enterprising lady finds herself away from the real flow of traffic and thus not as much in demand as a "department store clerk", she does know one thing, that, "we have quite a lush bookstore at GCC." Apparently, the bookstore at Pittsfield Community College (which she is familiar with) is very small; in fact, it is about the size of our closet in the bookstore. The manager hasn't room to turn around in back of the cash register.

Der Geist

Der Geist.

Wo gehe ich hin jede Nacht?
Wo werde ich morgen schlafen?

Wann wird der Tod mich schnell raffen,

Sag! Wann endet gespenstische Wacht?

Die Welt gibt keinen Trost,
Das Mitleid kennt kein Mann,

Der manches fuhlen kann;
Ich sehe nur den Frost.

Und traurig, traurig gehe ich,
Alle Menschen vergessen mich.

Richard Charles Thayer

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